

MY SECRET.

When first assurance came to me
That thy dear heart was mine,
I wandered forth upon the sea
Alone, lest all the world should see
My secret so divine.

But ah, the world has passed me by,
Nor read the secret, dear;
The poor old world, so dim of eye,
So dull of ear, 'twere vain to try
To make my feelings clear,
To those who cannot know as I
Thy heart when love draws near.
—New York Home Journal.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.



HE Gray Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian Ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck forward and looking across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl, in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheelhouse stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes—a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, perhaps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration; and he had heard her say among her



"GO BACK, YOU FOOLS!"

friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Gray Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"
"It comes from the galley,"
"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"
"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and sniffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself and leaped down from the wheelhouse. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste, and yet with a fearful fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentlemen's cabin and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"
The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said, in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you know what to do. How are the boats?"
"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurried him back.

"Go back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"
"Fire!" whispered the man hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold."

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will brain the man who dares to flinch a hair now! Stand back, I say!"

The men cowered before his superior will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of

NUNS WHO NEVER SPEAK.

In the heart of the Pyrenees, near the city of Bayona, though without the range of its vision, lies secluded the strangest convent in the world, the convent of the Bernardines, followers of the patron St. Bernard. The votaries who enter there spend their lives in an unending silence contemplating death and its sequel. They never speak a word to each other or to a living soul except on confession, and they engage themselves by digging graves and studying skulls and otherwise concentrating their minds upon the theme of death. Yet great as are the hardships they suffer they probably



SISTERS OF BERNARDINES DIGGING GRAVES.

house more distinguished persons than any other order on the continent of Europe. There are many princesses and countesses among them, many of the royal blood. Indeed, it is believed nearly all are of high degree.

The convent migrated nearly a hundred years ago. It was started by several distinguished ladies, who, scorning the world and all of its pomp, withdrew to the solitude of the hills. With their own hands they built a few cabins, wherein the only furnishings were a board and a straw pillow for each to sleep on, and the only decorations skulls and crossbones.

The fame of these holy women spreading throughout the country, applications to join them were numerous, so that in time quite a little group of cabins was visible on the hillside. Each person entering was required to have enough of a fortune to support herself in this fashion for the rest of her days, for no bread-winning was allowed among the Bernardines. They were there to meditate, to pray, to adore and to glorify God, and to atone in some measure by excessive mortification for the sins of the world. As

explosion, and the red flames leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible situation known to the sea—the one of all others the most feared—fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft!" he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me, girl; I am your master now!"
She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew, and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman, with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a greater water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape the company shall know that they have a man in their employment. If we don't, it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."
"Love her—yes!"
"Just now you said I was a man," said Will quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shirking for? Can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant and they hurried the cask into the water and assisted the man working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived a thousand years and saw her every day I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not a word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work, and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats, and spoil your only chance?"

"Get out of the way!" hissed a giant Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow."

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young man. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."
The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by

their only diet was bread and water the entrance fee was not exorbitant. The primitive cabins of the Bernardines yet exist and are yet occupied, although a more imposing edifice has grown up around them.

At every few steps in the convent hangs some inscription in huge black letters which contains the word "Death." It is impossible to forget for one moment one's inevitable destiny. "Are you prepared? This hour may be your last. Reflect on death!" is a sample of the inscriptions. Another one that I noticed was to this effect: "That you may not sin because you have beautiful hair, cut it off. Beautiful eyes and a beautiful face have caused much sin. Detest them, and think about Death."

The nuns' cemetery is within the convent enclosure and is the favorite resort of the Bernardines. Here they promenade, praying for the dead, and at 4 o'clock every day each one digs a shovel of earth from her own grave. As the Bernardines are vowed never to speak a word, the Servants of Mary attend to all of their necessities for them.

A dinner gown of mauve satin has a skirt of lustrous lace. Over the front and back are panels of the same embroidered with figures of purple panes, emphasized with gold beads. The corsage is of the embroidered satin, held by a corset of white lace. The mitt sleeves are of purple, figures on mauve, mousseline de soie being substituted for the satin. One shoulder strap is of purple velvet, fastened to the corsage by a butterfly of gold beads and amethysts; bows of purple and mauve tulle held by these butterflies cross the other shoulder. With it is worn in the hair a gold and amethyst butterfly holding a short purple and mauve feather.

A pretty gown for the ball room has a tulle of white lace, with the edge embroidered in velvet roses. This is slightly draped over a skirt of white satin, with edge finished with a line of sable. On the corsage is a packet corset of lace with embroidered edge. The décolletage is finished with ruffles of white tulle, and strings of artificial roses make the shoulder straps.

Hobbies for Children.
Where mothers and fathers seem to lose hold of their children is in a lack of interest in their amusements. Boys and girls who have reached the age of twelve or thereabouts want some other occupation besides going to school and romping about after school hours. It is just at this age that the children need interesting in some hobby. If they do not take up the hobby when they are young there is very little probability that they will have time to do in after years. The need of the grown up folks of the present day is more time.

Each day's work seems to swallow up all one's energy until there is hardly any time for improvement of any sort. It is because men and women do not know how to use up profitably the few spare minutes they may have in the day that they have so many slovenly, gossiping wives, drunken husbands and neglected children. The boys and girls should be encouraged to interest themselves in work of some kind, either in manual labor, such as carpentry, wood carving or metal work, in work for those poorer or weaker than themselves, or else in some special branch of study, such as botany, chemistry, cookery or dairy work. Not only will some such hobby serve to occupy what would otherwise be wasted hours, but in after years it might probably be a source of income.

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria, whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.—Exchange.

"SALAMANDERS."

Curious Little Rodents Found in the Southern "Pinney Woods."

In many places in the extreme Southern States, especially in what are locally known as the "pinney woods," one of the most notable features are the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which everywhere dot and, it must be confessed, disfigure the monotonous landscape, says Popular Science Monthly. These piles of earth are usually nearly circular in form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or winds or the trampling of cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface. If you ask a native of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of areaceous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of nature, your informant will sentimentally reply "Salamanders!"

All this disfigurement is, indeed, the work of a curious little rodent, popularly so named and about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is never seen above ground if he can possibly help it. He digs innumerable branching underground tunnels at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heads" which, in his engineering operations, he finds it necessary to make.

After carrying the excavated earth to the surface this cautious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages to so carefully smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him," is as yet unexplained.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Sticks to An Ancient Custom—Author of "Annie Laurie"—Two Beautiful Gowns Hobbies for Children—Busts Hats for the Klondike—Etc., Etc.

Queen Victoria at home is simply a black dress, not always of silk, and wears a widow's cap with small lappets, at the back her silver hair plainly brushed on either side of her temples. Upon her fingers are plain memorial rings, and she invariably wears a bracelet having the portrait of her latest grandchild or great-grandchild placed in it as a memento. The Queen always has a handkerchief, bordered with lace, resting in her hands as they lie folded in her lap, the survival of an ancient fashion.

Author of "Annie Laurie."
A quaint, venerable lady, who might, to all appearances, have just stepped out of a Goldsmith comedy or a Galton picture, died the other day in the person of Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, the composer of "Annie Laurie" and other familiar melodies. She was 94 years of age, and aunt of the Duke of Buccleugh, and closely related to the late General Wauchope.

She had a very strong character, and was a great upholder of old manners and customs. When travelling she rode in a carriage, always had positions, and encouraged the observance of old customs. She was a liberal benefactor of the poor and maintained a meal mill as a relic of old times, and she preferred that on roofs and peat for fires. She was an indefatigable collector of antiques.

Two Beautiful Gowns.

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Busts Hats for the Klondike.
"Oh, yes! I buy them for \$2 and sell them for \$30."

Then she laughed. She was one of the 2,000 milliners that came to Chicago to see what's worn and take back a sample stock. She said she was from Dawson City and signed Mildred O'Neill to her checks.

"I have a dear little store up there," she explained, while sitting in a wholesale house in Michigan avenue, surrounded by a part of the 2,000. "We'll start a library in the rear of it soon, and maybe a woman's club, too. I am getting lovely ideas for the library while here. You needn't think, because we live in the Klondike we're not progressive." And she looked into the eyes of the sister milliners about her, representing the profession in nearly all the States except the extreme eastern ones.

"What sort of hats have you bought?"
"Straw; white; lots of ribbon and flowers."

"Large?"
"Just medium, and no black ones, I tell you."

"Can they be worn very long?"
"Three months anyway, and perhaps longer. I am thinking of putting chamois linings in the crowns, so they will be comfortable at evening affairs in the fall. I shall sell earmuffs for that season along with the hats."

"Can you really get \$30 for the \$2 kind?"
"I should say I could; I give you to understand that we have some big swells out there."—Chicago Record.

Women Clerks in Russia.
In Russia women have been for some years employed as apothecaries' clerks, and it is said that the public as well as the apothecaries themselves manifest a preference for them over men. In Germany, too, a movement in this

direction has been started, the Warburg Minister of Education having resolved to give women a chance to secure the necessary instruction and pass examination. On this subject an article in a prominent journal by Dr. W. Wächter gives the impression that if women do secure this privilege it will be anything but a sinecure. German apothecaries' clerks have to undergo a very severe course of studies, and, when they receive a position, they are expected to be on duty from seven or eight in the morning to ten or eleven at night, besides attending to the night bell every other night, if not every night. For all this they receive from fifteen dollars to eighteen dollars a month, with board and lodging, or thirty dollars to thirty-seven dollars without board and lodging. In a few exceptional cases an assistant may receive as much as fifty dollars a month. Under such circumstances it is hardly a wonder that young men do not crowd into this field of employment. It is, indeed, the difficulty of getting assistants, especially in villages, that has made many of the apothecaries willing to consider the candidacy of women. Dr. Wächter, however, sounds two notes of warning. Women clerks, he argues, should under no circumstances accept lower wages than the men, and they should, if possible, organize for protection; nor should they ever consent to act, when business is slack, as assistant to the apothecary's wife, thus enabling her to dispense with a servant.

The Smart Woman's Hair.

The rat is still in demand at all the shops where these beautifully named aids to effective coiffures are sold, and the plain, parted, Madonna style of wearing the hair, though lauded by man and approved by women with scrupulous expressions and perfect features, does not make much progress toward the goal of popular favor. Light waves are no longer considered good form, but soft and puffy effects and hair worn low on the forehead characterize the hairdressing of the women who lead in these matters. There is a tendency to lower the chignon, although many women never consent to low coiffures, no matter what the fashion may be, as high effects are so much more becoming. The low coiffure needs a well-shaped head and a pretty neck, and women who affect it generally do so to call attention to these not at all common beauties. In the days of her belle dame Salie Hargons, now Mrs. Duncan Elliot, always wore her hair in a knot or a mass of braids just at the nape of her neck, and Mrs. Langtry's low, careless coil of golden hair served as well as a sign to call attention to the poise of her head and the exquisite line of her shoulders. These simple fashions are usually for beauties. Average women need something more sophisticated.

One of the newest ways of arranging the hair is to wave it, draw it up almost to the top of the head and arrange it in two loosely twisted bows to simulate ostrich tips. They are encircled at the base by narrow black velvet ribbon, and an upright jewel or aigrette is placed between them. Another style consists of twisted rolls of hair so cleverly arranged above the ears that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends. This coiffure is quite at the back of the head, so the hair is tied only about half way up and then divided into three or more strands, according to length or thickness, and twisted over the finger in graduated rolls.

Never was there a period when one was so free to select a style of arranging the hair to suit one's particular style of beauty. The advocate of Madonna coiffures parts her hair in the centre to please herself and pins it at the back and at the sides to conciliate Dame Fashion. The girl whose style is piquante rather than serene parts her tresses and dresses one side higher than the other or draws a waved lock down in a curve over one eye.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fashion Notes.

The best golf bags for general wear and tear will be found in the calf-skin leather.

A stylish white net for evening gowns is massed with large asenale sequins put on in scallops.

Metro crepe de chinos, spotted with chenille, like flowers in white, are one of the novelties of the season.

Lace waists in delicate lovely designs will be one of the prominent features of fashion among evening toilettes for the summer. Embroidered ceru linen which is transparent makes lovely summer gowns, with pink batiste for the underdress which may be according to plaid. Use the plaid batiste for the under bodice with a short bolero of the linen.

Untrimmed hats, made of tulle and chiffon, are now to be had in many smart shapes, and if one is at all clever about such things, they can easily be trimmed so that they closely simulate an expensive hat.

Following the ruffled ribbons that we have been having for trimmings there has come a charming embroidered mousseline de soie ribbon, scalloped at one edge, all ready to use as an elaborate form of trimming.

One of the prettiest new models in Paris gowns has a short bolero, curving in the back to two scallops, over a deep pointed girdle of moire silk. The gown is of marine blue cheviot, with the front panel piped with white.

Handsome pattern gowns are of point d'esprit in a large coarse net, with an all-over design in silk appliqued on. All black is handsome and black on a steel ground effective. Nothing has been more stylish, however, in applied gowns than the black cloth applique on to black silk.

The newer frocks have most of them a crush belt of some kind. One of these gowns, having a broad pointed collar, so broad that the effect is almost like a yoke, has a belt of the material, a blue nipped silk, crushed a little around the waist and above pointed to match the collar and fitted having something the effect of a corset.

Every time the Russian bear stirs in his sleep Europe experiences a political earthquake.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Li Hung Chang has acquired control of a newspaper in Peking, and may hereafter be properly referred to as a yellow journalist.

An armless man was convicted of having forged a money order in Chicago the other day. He did it by holding a pen in his teeth.

The New York World thinks it is too bad that an Irishman must go abroad and slay his fellow-man in order to make himself popular at home.

The United States Senate is much disturbed by the discovery that its new "solid mahogany" chairs and sofas are really "thinly veneered on cheap wood."

Judge Capron of Indiana holds that when a church agrees to pay a preacher a fixed salary the salary must be paid, if the church property has to be sold for that purpose.

Seedless grapes are becoming popular in California but the scare about grape seeds causing appendicitis has been shown to be groundless so there is not much gained.

There is room for just thirteen persons in each of the automobile stages that are now operated in Fifth avenue, New York city. If the horseless carriage results in nothing but the abolition of the thirteen superstition it will be well worth all it has cost.

What's the use of bachelors and widowers tramping on to Cape Nome in search of wealth, when it is known that the women of the United States, most of them unmarried, own \$130,000,000 of national bank stock, together with \$137,000,000 of private and State bank stocks?

Chicago women have decided to take active steps toward discouraging the footpads that have recently become so numerous there. The plan is that women whose duties compel them to be out after dark shall carry revolvers, and with these deplete the list of the highwaymen who molest them.

Referring to the numerous consolidations of short trolley lines in the Eastern part of this country, The Electrical Review says: It is not unlikely that by the end of the year one may travel from Washington, D. C., to Portland, Me., by trolley cars, with only the most insignificant breaks in the continuous lines of railway.

An American physician in Paris claims to have discovered a process to make short people grow tall. Now if he could only devise a process for preventing long purses from growing short during the exposition season he might win the everlasting gratitude of his visiting countrymen to the French capital.

The South Carolina Legislature at its recent session passed a law permitting homeopathic physicians to have their own examining board. The Charleston News and Courier says the bill received an overwhelming majority in both houses, and "will delight the hearts of the many people from the Northern States who prefer to be treated by physicians bred in that school."

Everybody who likes to see the summer girl at her best will be glad to hear that the "Sailor" hat will be in evidence again this season. It was at first thought that the "Golf" would supersede the "Sailor," but the rapid descent of the "Golf" into low priced goods, banished it from "genteel society," and the "Sailor," on new lines, comes to the fore again bearing the stamp of approval of fashion.

German mechanics may well ask what they are coming to when the Prussian Minister of Railways says the American locomotives are faultless in construction and considerably cheaper than those made at home. Is the German Government going to shout out cheap American food and import cheap American locomotives? This may be fun for the land-owning nobility but it is a double blow to the German working classes.

More patents were issued last year to citizens of Connecticut than to those of any other State. There was one patent for every 945 Nutmegs. The inventiveness of the Connecticut folks is familiar enough, but it is rather surprising to find that Oklahoma stands fifth on the list, following the District of Columbia, Massachusetts and Rhode Island in that order. New York though seventh on the list, is credited with nearly 4,000 patents, a larger number than was issued in any other State.

The population of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland was in 1842, 15,000,000; 1900, 20,000,000; 1890, 18,000,000; 1881, 17,000,000; 1871, 16,000,000; 1861, 15,000,000; 1851, 14,000,000; 1842, 13,000,000. This means an average increase in the three component parts of Great Britain of about 75 per cent., while Ireland shows a decrease of nearly 45 per cent. Referring to Ireland, Mulhall's "Fifty Years of National Progress" records 1,225,000 deaths from famine, 3,698,000 evictions, 4,185,000 emigrants—this was Victoria's record up to 1884, and he, therefore, concludes that "the present reign has been the most disastrous since that of Elizabeth."

In the agricultural portions of Belgium the work performed by women includes going to the fields to help the horses pull the plow or aiding the dogs in hauling carts. In the mines they wear the same costumes as the men, work as hard and receive similar wages. It is said that the women who are employed in factories have to contend with conditions little better than slavery. One lace factory has 600 women in its employ, and many of them live in the country miles away from the factory. They have to walk to their work, tell fourteen hours a day, and succeed in earning about 90 cents a week.

The Indians of the United States will

make a very creditable showing in the year's census. From the annual reports of the Indian agents which have been received by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs it appears that the entire Indian population is 297,000; of these 85,000 wear civilized dress, while 11,525 wear a mixture of Indian and civilized clothing. Those who can read number 42,597, and 53,314 can carry on an ordinary conversation in English. There are 85,233 dwelling houses built for Indians, 1,153 of which were built within the last year. The number of births was 4,237 and the deaths 5,253. Twenty-six Indians were killed by white and seven whites by Indians. One Indian was killed by other Indians. The number of Indian criminals punished was 1,490. There were 31,555 Indian church members and 348 church buildings upon the various reservations.

A big Western factory has recently provided a dining room for its workmen and serves cheap meals at noon. Here are some of the prices charged: Pea soup, two cents; roast lamb, three; stewed tomatoes, one; mashed potatoes, one; ham sandwich, two; bread pudding, two; mince pie, three; coffee and tea, one. The bill of fare is changed daily. The seats are numbered, and each regular patron occupies the same one every day. Men men give their orders for the next day before leaving the dining room, and thus much time is saved in serving. Every one has plenty of time to get all he wants in the half hour allowed.

The Woman's Tribune, always on the lookout for interesting cases concerning the legal status of women, says: "That husband and wife are one is an axiom in common law, and under all old interpretations it was equally accepted as axiomatic that that one was the husband. But it has been left for a North Carolina judge to rule that that one was the wife. The suitor of a young woman was invited by her mother, but forbidden by her father. Accepting the invitation, the angry father sued him for trespass. The mother signed his bond. The case was tried and the father lost, the magistrate holding that as husband and wife are one she had a right to invite the young man. An appeal was taken by the father to the Superior Court, which will be called on to rule as to wife's equal rights on the family premises."

The original MS. of Scott's story, "St. Ronan's Well," is now owned by a bookseller in Edinburgh. It was given by Sir Walter to Mr. Cadell, and after Cadell's death was purchased by Ruskin. The latter prized the treasure highly, and used to dilate upon his pride in his favorite novelist's patience and perseverance. Pointing to this manuscript, the last page of which is as well written as the first, Ruskin would say: "This novel was written when Scott was in terrible mental and bodily suffering." The MS. presents important variations from the printed version, some passages having been altered at the suggestion of friends of the author, which makes it particularly interesting.

The English law relating to cruelty to animals is a rather nebulous one. To qualify for protection the wronged beast must prove through his "best friend" that he is not "ferox naturae." For this reason lions may safely be tortured to make a British holiday and deer hunted to death after a manner that, while not cruel, would be ridiculous. A short time ago, an elephant in a London museum trampled one of its keepers to death and was shot for it. Nothing was said for some time. But it now appears that he had been a most respectable animal for thirty-eight years, and only grew angry when tormented with a pair of lances. Accordingly, the surviving keeper has been prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and sentenced to a week's imprisonment. One hopes that the incident is indicative of some reform in the treatment of captive brutes, most of the performances of wild beasts have no value in themselves and being interesting only because the man in the case may be killed—as he very often deserves to be. The mastery of man over brute has no part in the exhibitions, for the boldest tiger-tamer would cut but a sorry figure before a strange tiger in a strange land.

Some Novel Statistics.
A deliver into statistics has discovered the awful probability that in the year of grace 1888 the English-speaking peoples of